

# *Living with Imperfection*

*W*e are incomplete. All of us, the best of us.

We are imperfect, the best of us  
Imperfect we are born. Imperfect we live  
Our Rabbis understood it well  
The whole world needs to be repaired, they said:  
The mustard seed must be sweetened  
The wheat must be ground  
The bean must be soaked and softened  
The infant must be circumcised.

Nothing and no one is born complete, whole, perfect  
Even at death, those who are mourned never reached completion.

No brooding disappointment  
But acceptance of human faults and fragility.

Not passive acceptance that surrenders will to fate  
But acceptance that reminds us  
We are not bound to finish the world  
Nor free from doing all we possibly can.

Sculptors are we  
Our life spent in carving here, smoothing there  
Shaping closer to the dream of perfection  
Knowing that while the perfect may not be reached  
It must be reached for.

Meaning is not in owning  
But in reaching out.

“On the seventh day  
God rested from the work of Creation.”  
God rested  
Having created the heavens and the earth  
But leaving much to be made  
In us God placed the responsibility  
To make more out of Creation  
Than was given in six days.

